

[ORIGINAL.]

MOONLIGHT SERENADE.

BY ISA. AMEND EBERHART.

Gentle moonbeams, fall around her!
 Kiss her cheek, and bathe her brow!
 Linger near, and softly whisper
 Thoughts of angel beauty now!

Bring her pure and peaceful slumber,
 Let her rest secure, serene;
 Close her eyes to earth and earth-light,
 Ope them to a brighter scene!

Angel visions hover near her,
 Angels round her pillow play:
 Making hers the air of heaven,
 Keeping evil far away!

Gently, lightly, flower-winged breezes,
 O'er her pillow softly blow;
 Warn her not by aught of rudeness,
 That she still remains below!

[ORIGINAL.]

HENRI AND GABRIELLE.

A Romantic Leaf from French History.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

SATED, utterly wearied and disgusted, for the while with the sinful and intoxicating pleasures of the French court, which palled the more easily upon his senses because of his youth, the dauphin quitted Paris, and repaired to the neighboring palace of Versailles. Hardly had his foot left the stirrup, before he was surrounded by an obsequious throng of attendants, noblemen and high officers of the kingdom, all of whom vied with each other in desiring to know the pleasure of their young master. A look of intense uneasiness crossed the pale, handsome face of the latter, and then, suddenly waving them back, he exclaimed, with an angry impatience:

"Leave me, gentlemen; leave me, all, and trouble me no more with your attentions. I have come hither to free myself from the irksome formalities and incessant debaucheries of the court, and while I am pleased to tarry, I would forget that I am Henri, Dauphin of France, and that I shall one day sit upon its throne. By my soul, I would that I had been born in the rags and tatters of the poorest vassal in my kingdom, and to the inheritance of its most menial laborer, rather than in the purple of royalty, to be forever harassed by the formalities and frivolities of my station! But go, gentlemen, leave me to myself, and forget that any respect or homage is due from you."

To hear was to obey. The courtiers returned

to their amusements in the courts and chambers of the palace whence they had issued at the sound of the approaching cavalcade; the retinue which had accompanied the wearied dauphin from Paris, pursued their way back, and Henri was left alone. Pleased with his solitude, and doubly gratified at the prospect of this unusual freedom from restraint, he commenced to wander carelessly among the paths which wound in a labyrinth among the groves and gardens which thickly embowered the palace. As he strolled along, an unwonted calmness took possession of his breast. The quietness and repose of nature around him exerted a soothing influence over his turbulent heart, and the sigh which burst forth was only caused by the regretful thought that his life must be passed amid the turmoil and crowd of camp and court.

Occupied with his thoughts, and pleased with his freedom, he continued his walk, giving no heed to the way he was pursuing, until he abruptly came to a pause upon the edge of a circular basin, from which the water bubbled up in the form of a fountain. It was a pleasant and retired spot, thickly hedged and shaded with trees; and reclining himself upon the grass, Henri gave rein to the reflections which had occupied his mind since his arrival at the palace, and well-nigh lost himself in the excess of his happy thoughts and visions. So perfectly was this pleasant forest nook shaded from the sun, that it was only lighted in every part at full meridian; and it was not till he observed the sun directly over his head, that the young prince became aware he had now been alone for several hours. Rising from his grassy couch, he entered one of several alleys which led from the fountain, and moved, as he supposed, in the direction of the palace. But so intricate were the paths of the garden of Versailles, and Henri so little acquainted with them, that after wandering among them a full hour, he found himself again by the side of the fountain!

Half amused, half irritated at his perplexity, he stood irresolute for a moment, undecided what course to pursue. To plunge again into the groves which surrounded him, might only involve him in their mazes still more hopelessly. He might shout for assistance, it was true, and with a good prospect of being heard by some of the numerous population of Versailles.

"But that will not do," he soliloquized. "I well know how the varlets would laugh in their sleeves after being so unceremoniously dismissed this morning, to be called so soon to my assistance! No, I'll free myself from these troublesome woods without their help, or remain. And!

I bethink me that this must be one of the places where the menials about the palace come for water. A happy thought—I will content myself here until one of them comes."

Seating himself again upon the grass, where he might remain unobserved, Henri beguiled another hour in watching the play of the fountain, as it rippled and flashed like molten silver in the bright sunlight. He was soon aroused from his reverie by the sound of voices; and in a moment two gentlemen of the palace emerged from one of the paths, chatting and laughing. The same considerations which had restrained the concealed dauphin from calling for assistance, now prevented him from discovering himself, and he remained silent and hidden, until they had drunk from the fountain and walked away.

"Unfortunate that I am," the vexed Henri muttered, in a serio-comic mood, "what am I now to do? Suppose that none of these rascal menials should have occasion to visit the fountains again to-day—or, if otherwise, suppose they should conceive in their brainless heads to visit some other than this? Upon my royalty, what a situation is this for the son of a king! From the depths of my heart, I wish that every valet and servant at Versailles were dying with thirst, or running mad with hydrophobia, and there were no water save this, within a thousand leagues! And I am beginning, too, to wish Chevenant and Freneau back again. Shall I call them? But, hie—somebody comes!"

The eye of the speaker was at the instant caught by the figure of a young girl, who slowly entered the nook from an alley opposite to that by which the courtiers had disappeared. She was dressed in the simple and graceful costume of a rustic, and upon her shoulder was poised a water-jar. Kneeling by the basin, she moistened her long, flowing ringlets with the limpid water, and then, while she caroled a simple air with one of the sweetest of voices, she commenced to fill her vessel.

From the first moment in which he beheld her, the eager attention of the young dauphin was rivetted upon her face and form. He had thought that no female without the court of France was worthy to be accounted beautiful. He had mingled there with the loveliest of all the titled dames and maidens in the kingdom, and joined himself in their praise, and yet, never had he seen beauty so innocent, so childlike as this, or which so possessed him with admiration and delight. Nor was it strange that this should be so. The reason was simple and natural, although he paused not to consider it. The beauty which he had been accustomed to admire, owed its attrac-

tion to the studied graces of art and the brilliant trappings of court attire. Here, was loveliness such as the hand of nature alone can produce—a graceful wild-flower, blooming in all the charms of innocence and purity.

Almost unconsciously Henri arose to his feet, and advanced several steps towards the object which had thus excited his deep interest. She had filled her water-vessel and placed it beside her, and now seemed to be gazing thoughtfully at the reflection of her fair young face in the water at her feet, wholly unconscious of the presence of another, when suddenly she was startled by observing the shadow of a human figure lying beside her own across the water. Starting up in alarm, she discovered a handsome, richly-dressed youth but a single step from her, looking upon her with undisguised admiration. Trembling with confusion and alarm, she would have fled, but her foot slipped upon the wet flagging, and only the ready and willing arms of the dauphin saved her from a fall into the basin.

Her confusion, as may be imagined, was by no means decreased upon finding herself in the embrace of him who had caused it, though innocently; and struggling to free herself, while a deep blush tinged her cheek, she said, in a beseeching tone:

"Release me, monsieur, I pray you. I am sure you would not harm me!"

"Nay, far from it, my good girl," Henri replied. "I would rather protect you. Do you not see that I have saved you from an unpleasant bath in this basin? Do not fear me; only promise you will not hasten away, and I will release you. I wish to speak with you. Do you promise?"

The promise was given, and Henri freed his captive; although we can hardly help presuming that he would have been better pleased to have detained her longer. She was still agitated and embarrassed, standing before him with downcast eyes; but the kind words and accents of the stranger—for such he was to her—soon re-assured her, and banished her apprehensions. Soon she ventured to raise her eyes to his face, and the prince fancied that he detected a charming air, half of coquetry, half of assumed displeasure, in the movement.

"What is your name, my child?" Henri asked.

"Gabrielle, monsieur. But I'm not a child; my grandame says I am quite fifteen—almost as old as you, I'm sure," she said, with a sauciness of speech which caused Henri to break forth into a merry laugh.

"Nay, my pretty Gabrielle, I am several years

the oldest," he replied. "Will you tell me where you live?"

"I live with my old grandame, monsieur, in the wood, near the little stream which runs through the palace-garden. But we like this water much better, and so I come to fetch it twice every day."

"Very good, Gabrielle; I will carry it for you this time, and you shall show me the way to the palace; for, to tell the truth, I have become so puzzled in this maze of forests, gardens and paths that if you refuse to help me, I shall perish here to a certainty. But you would not care."

"Nay, monsieur, it would be a thousand pities," Gabrielle archly said. "Here is the path; it is not far by the shortest way."

Henri lifted the jar to his shoulder, and taking one of the alleys almost opposite to that by which he had endeavored to extricate himself from his bewilderment, the young girl conducted him towards Versailles. As they proceeded, the former became momentarily more interested in his young companion. In every word or action she seemed actuated by the beautiful innocence which pervaded her whole being, while at the same time, there was added to her speech and manner a certain sprightliness, just mischievous enough to be agreeable to one of Henri's temperament. No greater contrast could be presented, than that which existed between these two. He, youthful as he was, had drank every cup of pleasure, participating in all the vicious excesses of the most dissolute court of Europe—to her, the world, with its crimes and vices, was as a sealed book. She knew nothing beyond the little circle of her daily humble existence—humble, and yet happy with such a happiness as the dauphin had never known. She was, in truth, a child in years and intellect, although a woman in bodily development, and she seemed to confide in her companion as a superior being.

"Here is my grandame's cot, monsieur," she said, relieving Henri of his burden. "There is the palace, you can see its towers through the trees."

"Good-by, then, Gabrielle; I shall see you again. At the fountain, perchance," he added.

The young girl blushed, smiled and nodded affirmatively, and then remarked:

"But monsieur will tell me his name before he goes?"

"True—I have not. It is—it is—well, you may call me Cecil. I am valet to one of the gentlemen at Versailles. Adieu, *mon cher*, we shall meet again."

Gaily kissing his hand to her, Henri disappeared in the wood. Gabrielle watched his retreating

form until she could see him no longer, and as she entered the cottage, something much like a sigh was breathed from her lips.

It might perhaps have been expected that not a thought of the young peasant-girl would afterward enter the brain of the young dauphin. But such was not the fact. He felt his interest excited in her more than he was willing to admit to himself; and the next day found him pursuing his way to the fountain where he had first seen her. She came again, and a bright sunny smile mantled her features as she saw her companion of the previous day, and heard his kindly-spoken greeting. Again he bore her vessel, and walked by her side along the path to the cottage.

The record of one day passed by Henri at Versailles, would be that of twenty. Daily and habitually he repaired to the fountain in the grove; and there, as regularly met Gabrielle. She waited for his coming with an impatience, and when he came, greeted him with a fondness, which revealed to him unmistakably the state of her feelings.

And what, it may be asked, were the designs of the dauphin? It would be difficult to assign the true motive which impelled him to seek the society of Gabrielle. It was not a true and sincere affection. He affected to regard her as a child, and would fain have convinced himself that she only pleased him in his idle moments. Neither is it certain that he intended to betray the absorbing confidence and love which he had won from the simple peasant-girl, almost without an effort. It is more probable, and certainly the belief is more charitable, that the romantic cast of the young dauphin's mind actuated him to carry out the deception which he had practised upon her in regard to his name and station. If he loved her well and truly, "it was one of the strangest of the vagaries of the passion"—it was as Cecil the valet, and not as Henri the proud Dauphin of France.

But there was soon to be an end to these trysts and meetings. There were watchful eyes at Versailles, and ere long the place of Henri's resort, and his object in going thither, were discovered. The king, in Paris, was apprised that the dauphin had become enamoured with a peasant girl at Versailles, and the consequence was a peremptory command to Henri to return to Paris immediately. Its cause was quickly conjectured by the latter, and vexed and angered that his intimacy with Gabrielle had thus become notorious, he prepared to obey it.

A lingering affection, an unwillingness to depart without informing Gabrielle—either one of these causes, or, it may be, some other, induced

him to seek the peasant girl again. And when, with an unshaken voice, he announced to her that he was compelled by circumstances which he could neither explain nor control, to leave Versailles, a quick pallor whitened the cheek of the unhappy Gabrielle.

"Leave Versailles—and me?" she faltered. "And whither Cecil, do you go?"

"To Paris."

"But you will return?"

"Perhaps, *mon cher*. Yes, at some future day I may again visit Versailles and you."

And this was all. No other words passed between them. Now, however, for the first time did Henri realize, and with a little pang, the cruel thoughtlessness of his conduct. Too well he knew from her pale countenance and faltering speech, the terrible agony which racked the tender heart of Gabrielle; too well he knew by signs as apparent and significant as these, that she loved him as he had never been beloved, and that from this passionate, absorbing affection had arisen hopes which could never, never be realized. For a moment he hesitated; once he had half-decided to avow himself to her in his real character, and to destroy the cruel delusion, his own fabrication, by which she had been misled; but other considerations prevented him. He pressed her hands, he kissed her unresisting lips and departed.

For a time, even after his return to the gayety and intoxication of the court, he recalled the pale face of Gabrielle, at intervals, with a pang, but not long. His brief sojourn at Versailles, with its attendant consequences, was but an unimportant episode in his life; amid the renewed pleasures and festivities of his royal life, it passed from his mind like an idle dream.

But not so with Gabrielle. What to Henri had been the mere trifling of a few idle days, was to her something real and earnest; she had given him the first deep affection of her young heart, and the event, an era in her hitherto quiet and peaceful life, was pregnant with woe to her. But let us not anticipate.

It was a bright, glorious day in mid-autumn, several months after the events above noticed. A gay cavalcade of gentlemen and dames from the royal palace in Paris, swept on a brisk gallop along the road leading to Versailles, whither they were bound for a few days of pleasure and recreation. All were arrayed in the costly dresses of their respective ranks, and the animals upon which they rode were caparisoned with courtly magnificence.

At the head of the troop rode the dauphin,

and beside him one of the most beautiful ladies of the French court. He seemed in a gay and jovial mood, and more than once the forest which lined the way, echoed with the peals of laughter which the sallies of the prince called forth. To have seen him, one might well have said that no unhappiness could ever have visited him. The troop soon drew near to the palace, and as it did so, a number of peasants and menials, attracted by the brilliancy of the cortege and the continued sound of laughter and gay conversation, gathered around the gateway to satisfy themselves with gazing. Henri had just bent in his saddle to make some observation to the lady who rode beside him, when his attention was attracted to a young girl, who with clasped hands and an expression of eager joy upon her pale, sorrowful face, had started forward almost beneath the feet of his horse, murmuring the single word, "Cecil." But by neither word or look did the dauphin betray his knowledge of her, or her meaning. Glancing coldly at her upturned, beseeching face, he reined aside his charger, and spurring him forward, was again at the side of his companion.

With a look of mingled agony and wonder, Gabrielle—for the strange suppliant was none other—looked after the retreating figure of him whom she had known as Cecil; and then grasping convulsively the arm of one of her female companions, she faintly murmured:

"Lois, good Lois, who, who, is the leader of this party?"

"The leader? Dost mean the handsome youth in the velvet doublet, with the bright star on his breast and the gay plume in his cap?"

"The same—the same."

"Why, art thou crazed? Dost thou not know that he is the Dauphin Henri, son of the king?"

Not a word, not a syllable escaped the lips of the stricken Gabrielle, but only a faint moan, as she fell fainting into the arms of those near her. They bore her to the cottage, and there, through the night, in the insensibility which still bound her, she breathed alternately, with mournful pathos, the names of Cecil and Henri. Upon the following morning, however, she arose from her couch, paler, weaker and more sorrowful than before, but with strength enough to enable her to pursue her daily walks in the forest-alleys. These were the paths where she had rambled with the prince, the lost Cecil of her heart; and it had been a melancholy pleasure after his departure, to review in fancy those sweet interviews. But now suddenly she paused—the object of her thoughts, the prince himself, was before her! She saw him and heard his voice, as he addressed

her, but she trembled not, nor did she avoid his painful gaze. Ah, well might the remorseful Henri look with pain and self-accusation upon the poor wreck of beauty before him—his work ! She seemed no more the sweet, joyous Gabrielle whom he had known, but rather her shadow, so pale, so thin, so wasted had she become !

"Gabrielle, is it indeed you ?" Henri exclaimed, seizing her hand, which she instantly withdrew from his grasp. "You are silent, you turn from me. Do you not know me ? It is I, Cecil, your friend."

"Nay, my lord dauphin, I do know you no more by that name. The time is past when I could be thus deceived ; let me leave you now ; it is better that I should see you no more."

Embarrassed and confused by her words—for now he knew that she had recognized him in his true character at the gate—the eyes of Henri sought the ground. Raising them after a moment, he said :

"No more, Gabrielle. Those are hard words ! Promise me, at least, to meet me to-night by the gateway where you saw me yesterday. There is much I would say, and I need time to collect my thoughts. This, surely you will do."

"I will do as you wish, my lord," Gabrielle hesitatingly replied. And with these words she hastened away.

The prince walked thoughtfully back to the palace, and avoiding his gay companions, he secluded himself for the remainder of the day, and until night drew near. He recalled to mind the strange manner and appearance of Gabrielle with a half-formed foreboding, which assumed no definite shape, but which was still strong enough to fill his breast with painful apprehension.

The night set in cold and dark, and wrapped in his cloak, Henri sought the gateway with rapid and nervous steps. The figure of a female caught his eye as he drew near, but instead of her he sought, it proved to be Lois, whom we have mentioned once before. She held a billet towards Henri as he advanced, with the words :

"Gabrielle bade me deliver it to him whom I should find here at this hour. 'Tis for you, sir, I suppose."

Eagerly snatching the note, Henri tore it open, and by the scattered sparks of a flint, which he struck repeatedly against the stone pillar of the gateway, he read these fearfully ominous words :

"It was at the fountain in the wood where we first met—and there I will be as you read these, the last words of the unhappy GABRIELLE."

"At the fountain—her last words !" Henri ejaculated, almost speechless with terror. And he leaned against the arch faint and weak. "O

Heaven, I know the terrible meaning of these fatal words !—but too late, O, God, too late ! But haste, ho, bring torches—torches, lights, with all speed !"

The frantic cries of the prince quickly brought the desired assistance, and snatching a flambeau from one of the servants, he bade the others follow him, and flew with the speed of desperation towards the well-known spot named in the billet. The woods resounded with the name of Gabrielle, as he dashed on, and reaching the forest-nook, he knelt by the basin, and let the light of his torch fall over the water. Fatal, fearful indeed, was the spectacle which it revealed ! The body of the devoted suicide barely floated in the shallow depths, her dress clinging in wet folds about her, and her long, black hair floating dishevelled back from a face, pale and rigid, yet beautiful with all the awful beauty of death ! And when at last the horrified gentlemen and servants of the palace discovered the dauphin, he was sitting upon the ground by the side of the basin, clasping the corpse of the drowned girl in his arms, and pressing his lips to those of the dead !

Our story, true to history as it is, is soon concluded. There remain but a few further words to be penned. As an act of simple justice, the prince provided for the maintenance of the old grandame of the peasant girl, until the day of her death, and there the matter seemed to end. But thus, we may be certain, it did not end. For who shall say, that even with the royal coronet upon his brow, Henry of France did not at times remorsefully recall the story which we have here recounted ; or that at times his heart did not wander from its allegiance to his royal and peerless consort, when he thought of the life, the love, and the death of Gabrielle ?

SEVEN FOOLS.

1. The envious man, who sends away his mutton because the person next him is eating venison. 2. The jealous man, who spreads his bed with stinging nettles, and then sleeps in it. 3. The proud man, who gets wet through, sooner than ride in the carriage of his inferior. 4. The litigious man, who goes to law in the hopes of ruining his opponent, and gets ruined himself. 5. The extravagant man, who buys a herring, and takes a cab to carry it home. 6. The angry man, who learns to play the tambourine because he is annoyed by the playing of his neighbor's piano. 7. The ostentatious man, who illumines the outside of his house most brilliantly, and sits inside in the dark.—Punch.

FORTITUDE.

Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel
SHAKESPEARE.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE TRIFLER.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

We sat in the sunset glory:
 I looked at the crimson skies,
 And noted their radiant blushes—
 He looked in my wandering eyes.
 And holding my hand, his language
 Grew into tenderness low,
 A blush like the blush of sunset
 Stole to his forehead of snow.
 And he asked me to walk in his presence
 The path we were both doomed to go;
 But the blush died out and left marble,
 When I said, "Never—no, no!"

I was a gay, laughing trifter,
 He was a being of truth;
 I was a girl, not a woman,
 He had passed onward from youth.
 My heart was an unfathomed fountain,
 Covered with vanity's crust;
 His was a shrine of nobility—
 Gold, without cankering rust!
 But I bowed his proud head in sorrow,
 And trod his love in the dust;
 I weakened his pure faith in woman,
 Changed into doubting his trust.

O, where away is he wandering?
 By what lonesome rivers and seas?
 Does he look up to watch the red sunset
 Through verdure of cocoanut trees?
 Is he mid the cold polar icebergs?
 Or far in the land of the palms?
 O, tell me, ye winds of the orient,
 That sing in the willows your psalms!—
 O, tell me, ye breezes of southland,
 That bring to my lattice rich balms!—
 O, tell me, sweet heaven of midnight,
 And stars in the fathomless calms!

[ORIGINAL.]

LEOLA:

—OR,—

THE REVEL OF DEATH.

BY N. C. ROBINSON.

PERCHED upon one of the loftiest and most inaccessible peaks of the Caucasian Range, at a time far back in the darkness of the feudal ages, the castle of Petroff, an exiled nobleman of Russia, stood frowningly against the sky, overlooking the valleys and ravines in which the besieging forces had collected their strength. For more than a year, the castle of the stubborn count had withstood the assaults of its enemies, and daily the hardy Petroff made the circuit of the defences, animating and encouraging his little handful of

retainers to a stout resistance, and often assisting himself in the work.

Twenty years before, on account of some fancied delinquency, deeply offensive to royalty, this nobleman had been ignominiously banished from the Russian court. Departing uncomplainingly, he had built and fortified for himself this cyrie-like retreat among the southern mountains; and here, pleased with his solitude, as well as the absence of courtly favor and tyranny, he proposed to devote the declining years of his life to the nurture and education of his orphaned and darling child, the little Leola. And this, thus far, he had done; from a mere infant, he had watched with delight her growth of body and expansion of mind, until he beheld in her the embodiment of that of which he had dreamed at her birth—Leola, the beautiful, the proud, whose eagle eye and queenly bearing proclaimed her a true daughter of the Petroffs. The old man loved to cherish the thought, and often his exultation revealed itself in words such as these:

"It was a happy act, my child, which the tyrant of Russia did, when he thought to crush us. Ah, in these barren mountains, God willing, I will nourish a spirit and build up a house, which, in years to come, will menace and overshadow him!"

Declarations such as these were hinted about among the adherents of the count, and in time borne to the court of the emperor. With them, the latter also received strange accounts of the beautiful maiden whom old Petroff so jealously guarded in his mountain citadel; and prompted by a dormant but still existing hatred against his former liegeman, as well as by an arrogant desire to transfer this wild mountain flower to his court and palace, the despot determined to invest the castle of his banished vassal, and reduce him to the performance of such terms as he pleased to prescribe.

To will was to do; a month had scarcely elapsed before the stronghold of Petroff was girdled and besieged by a powerful force, led by the emperor in person, and employing all the arts of war to reduce and capture it. A year, however, had elapsed, and still the fortress of the exile frowned defiance upon its foes. No force of arms or effort of strategy had been sufficient to make the slightest impression upon the stronghold; but, upon the other hand, favored by their position, the besieged had been able almost daily to hurl death and devastation into the camp of the besieger. And in his daily walk upon his battlements, the stout old rebel sent forth his laugh of derision upon his enemy below.

But it was mainly owing to the efforts of the

youthful and gallant Seltzberg, a protegé of Petroff, and the actual commander of the defending force, that the latter had been enabled to hold out so stubbornly. With the promise from the count, of the hand of the Lady Leola, when he should finally repel the invader, the young commandant had applied himself vigorously and successfully to the defence. Cheered by the hope which had thus been held out to him, the realisation of which seemed to grow daily brighter, and by the smiles of Leola herself, the youth seemed in himself a tower of strength, and an assurance of final success.

A crisis, however, was now approaching. Angered and mortified at his continued failure—certain, as he was, that the surrounding nations were watching in surprise the unusual spectacle of the emperor of a mighty nation held at bay by the single arm of one banished and exiled noble; and, further than this, despairing of his ability to bring him to terms by the simple force of arms, the baffled tyrant despatched a messenger to the castle, with the terms of the compromise which he proposed. The herald stood in the presence of Petroff, his daughter and Seltzberg, and thus delivered his message:

"My master, the emperor, bids me declare to you, that he has no wish to continue this fruitless and unnatural contest. Deliver to him the Lady Leola, your daughter, the report of whose beauty reached him even in his capital, and to gain whom he was the more willing to take up arms—do this, and he swears that he will retire forthwith from your castle, and molest you no more."

"Answer him, Leola," were the quick, stern words of the count.

"Answer him, Seltzberg," the maiden repeated, turning to her lover, with a flash of her black eyes which sent a thrill to his heart.

"Ay—that I will!" was his reply, as starting to his feet, he confronted the messenger. "Base minion of a baser master, tell the caitiff-emperor who sent you hither, to go back in disgrace to his city, while we yet leave him the strength wherewith to depart. Tell him this, and say to him that while a stone of our castle remains standing, while an arm can be raised within it in her defence, Leola Petroff shall be preserved from the disgrace of his touch! And more—tell him that if he shall insult us with a like proposal, we will surely hurl his messenger from our battlements!"

The cowering herald shrank away; and his report of the answer he had received aroused the emperor to new exertions. Again and again he hurled his whole strength against the walls; and

as often he was beaten back by the indomitable defenders: until at length, resting upon his arms, he despatched another embassy to the castle. Count Petroff heard its terms with undisguised astonishment; his enemy now proposed a final cessation of arms, a reconciliation of all subsisting feuds, and avowed himself willing to restore the exiled count to all the dignities and honors which he had formerly held at court. The proposition concluded with an invitation of himself and his commandant to the besieging camp, that they might arrange with him a certain foundation for peace.

There was much in this strange concession which could not be otherwise than pleasing to the count. Often, in secret, he had longed to behold his darling Leola at the Russian court, surpassing in her own matchless person, all its renowned beauties; nor was the prospect of his own reinstatement there at all ungrateful to his thoughts. The victory would, in truth, be a splendid one for him—a victory, not of a day, but the fruit of years of silent and noble endurance, as well as open resistance by arms. He pondered upon it long, and in deep abstraction, while the herald stood before him, awaiting his reply.

"What pledge," he at last demanded, "does your master propose to give me, of his good faith?"

"That which has never yet been broken," was the instant rejoinder—"the word of a Romanoff!"

For a short time longer, Petroff hesitated; and then he determined to comply with the request of the emperor. Together with Seltzberg, and attended by a slight escort, he submitted himself to the guidance of the royal messenger, and was conducted toward the camp. Alarmed by the forebodings which she could not repress, Leola anxiously watched their progress from the battlements. She saw her father and lover as they reached the hostile lines, drawn up to receive them—she witnessed the friendly advance of the emperor, disarming, for the instant, her fears, and—

There are some scenes of human existence, to describe the horrors of which, words seem unavailing. Leaning upon the battle-marked stones of the embrasure where she had placed herself, rigid and motionless with the terrible petrification of agony—the agony of a broken heart—the maiden witnessed the treacherous massacre of the only beings she had ever loved. She beheld the heroic defence of Petroff and Seltzberg, as, surrounded and hard pressed by an hundred sur-vile Russians, they fought until life itself ebbed away through innumerable wounds. In the

brutal rage of their mean victory the murderous crew next turned their weapons against the escort, and the unhappy men composing it were as inhumanly slaughtered. And then, at the signal of the emperor, the whole force rushed again, with yells of triumph, to the walls.

The conflict which followed was obstinate and sanguinary. The brave defenders, enraged at the sight of the cruel massacre of their leaders, fought with almost demoniac energy; but, for once, they were doomed to struggle in vain. They lacked the example of Seltzberg, always before present among them—they listened in vain to hear the trumpet ring of his voice, and faltered when they could no more see his lion-like form plunging into the thickest of the carnage. They had been surprised, too; the drawbridge was down, and as they were pressed backward, the enemy gained an easy foothold. To end the disasters of the day, at the conclusion of the fight, the latter were in possession of half the interior defences. Intoxicated with joy at the prospect of victory which now lay within his grasp, the emperor once more sent his herald forth to demand instant surrender.

"Bear word to the Lady Leola," he commanded, "that ere twelve hours have passed, she must come within my power—by force or free will—which, it matters not. And tell her, too, that mayhap the love which has led me to battle for her a full year, as I would five times one year, could she not be otherwise gained—the love of an emperor—tell her, vassal, that this should not be despised!"

The reply of the maiden was such as to arouse Romanoff to a frenzy of exultation. It was to the effect that Leola would give herself up without further resistance, provided her few retainers might be suffered to depart beyond the Russian borders, unharmed, and without molestation. To this condition the emperor immediately signified his assent, and it was upon his part most faithfully performed. The same night the remains of the little band of defenders, grim and war-worn, issued forth from the castle and took their way into the lower ranges of the mountains.

* * * * *

Romanoff paced nervously up and down the hall of the castle, the windows of which looked across the court. Darkness had come on, but he had as yet, received no intimation from Leola. More than once his impatience had urged him to give the signal of assault; but restraining himself, he continued his uneasy walk.

"My lady waits," a voice uttered at his elbow. The speaker was the page of the daughter of Petroff.

"Waits, boy—where?" the eager emperor exclaimed.

"In the banquet-hall. She has sent me to conduct you to her."

A moment had hardly elapsed before Romanoff was ushered into the presence of Leola. He paused, astounded at the magnificence of the scene which he beheld. The banquet-room was brilliantly illuminated, and the light was reflected in a thousand rays by the silver vessels which held the most costly viands and wines. But the centre of all, seated upon a throne-like chair at the head of the board, dressed in the gorgeous lawn and purple of a queen, and beautiful, far beyond the Russian monarch's wildest visions of the beautiful in woman, was Leola. Romanoff did not observe the wildness of her eye, the pallor of her cheek, nor yet the strange compression of her lips; bewildered by her charms, he bent a knee which had never before been bent to a human being, and kissed a hand whiter than the ermine which surrounded it.

"Mine, then, Leola—mine, at last, fair lady," were his words, as he pressed her hand in his own. "Is it not so?"

A shudder pervaded the frame of the maiden as she felt his touch, and her answer was low in its accents.

"Yes—thine, my lord," were her simple words.

"The favor of Heaven be with thee ever, for those words!" the delirious monarch exclaimed, in an ecstasy of rapture. "Thou shalt be my bride, my queen, Leola; thou shalt reign, not alone over my heart, but sovereign empress, as well, of all the Russias! A kiss, my queen; on my knees I crave it!"

"Nay, my lord—not now: let us feast to-night, and love to-morrow! Here is wine, drink to me, if you would not have me think your words mere breathings of flattery!"

Romanoff eagerly seized the goblet which Leola extended to him, and drained it to the last drop. A strange smile flickered for an instant upon the face of the maiden, as she observed the act; and lifting another goblet to her lips, she drank half its contents. A spirit of madness seemed suddenly to have possessed the monarch; again and again he received the flagon from the hand of Leola, grasping it each time it was offered with feverish haste, and tossing off the red, sparkling wine in the interval of renewed vows and protestations of his love. In his frenzy he laughed, long and wildly; he sang and danced in his delirium, and once attempted to embrace his fair captive, who easily eluded his arms. His blood had grown hot since that first draught; it rushed like a torrent of molten fire through

his veins—and suddenly striking his breast with his clasped hands, he howled in irrepressible agony.

"Heavens, how it burns—it burns!" he groaned. "Witch, enchantress, tell me, in the name of heaven, what infernal art have you practised upon me?"

Leola Petroff gasped wildly in her effort to reply. She had risen from her chair, and was now leaning feebly against it, striving to gather strength to utter the doom of the man whose agony was at that instant grateful to her.

"Remember, Alexis Romanoff," were her words, "that there is a God of judgment and retribution, for before him you and I must now appear! Remember that scarce three hours ago you basely and treacherously violated your solemn faith, and slew those whom alone I loved; remember, for I would have you realize that a just doom has overtaken you. The wine you have drunk was drugged, poisoned deeply, and by these hands! Pray, Romanoff, pray, for your time is short!"

With a gasp of pain, she sank back into her chair. The horrified emperor gazed at her, spell-bound by her fearful announcement. In an instant more the castle rang with his wild shrieks and cries for assistance. But the poison was preying upon his vitality, his strength was departing, and his voice quickly died to an ineffectual whisper. Again he looked upon the woman who had thus fatally ensnared him in the meshes of her revenge; for her he had staked all, lost all! Actuated by a new impulse of his frenzy, he staggered towards her, and raising her in his arms, pressed her to his breast, and placed his burning lips upon her cheek. He encountered no resistance; she lay passive in his arms, inert, lifeless, dead! With a groan of horror Romanoff threw the corpse from him; and again the hall rang with his unavailing prayers and imprecations. Unavailing, for though heard at last, it was too late. When the retainers burst open the doors, searching for the cause of the terrible shrieks which had for the last half hour filled their hearts with fright, Russia was again kingless, another Romanoff had found a violent and untimely end!

BROTHERHOOD.

Even now a radiant angel goeth forth,
A spirit that hath healing in its wings—
And fleth east and west, and north and south,
To do the bidding of the King of kings;
Stirring men's hearts to compass better things,
And teaching brotherhood as that sweet source,
Which holdeth in itself all blessed springs;
And showeth how to guide its silver course.
When it shall flood the world with deep, exulting force.
MRS. NORTON.

THE MAYOR WANTS TO SEE THEE.

A young man, a nephew, had been to sea; and on his return, he was narrating to his uncle an adventure he had met on board a ship.

"I was one night leaning over the 'taffrail, looking down into the mighty ocean," said his nephew, whom we shall call William, "when my gold watch fell from my fob and sunk out of sight. The vessel was going ten knots an hour; but nothing daunted, I sprang over the rail, down, down, after a long search, found it, came up close under the stern, and climbed back to the deck, without any one knowing I had been absent."

"William," said his uncle, slightly elevating his broad brim and opening his eyes to their widest capacity, "how fast did thee say the vessel was going?"

"Ten knots, uncle."

"And thee dove down into the sea, and came up with the watch, and climbed up by the rudder chains?"

"Yes, uncle."

"And thee expects me to believe thy story?"

"Of course! You wouldn't dream of calling me a liar, would you, uncle?"

"William," replied the uncle, gravely, "thou knows I never call anybody names; but, William, if the mayor of the city were to come to me, and say, 'Josiah, I want thee to find the biggest liar in all Philadelphia,' I would come straight to thee, and put my hand on thy shoulder, and say to thee, 'William, the mayor wants to see thee!'"—*Philadelphia Press.*

AN ARTISTIC THIEF.

The greatest pleasure enjoyed by Prince Gortchakoff, it is said, is to sit in his dressing-gown in a large arm-chair, before an easel on which there is a fine picture. Crossing his legs, and swinging one on the other while he plays with his slipper and smokes his cigar, he gazes for hours together on the picture. He has a fine gallery of modern pictures, and he had a valuable album containing sketches by the best living artists. Two or three years ago, a French diplomatist asked to see the album; to his surprise, he found the best sketches were gone, and said so to the prince. "True enough," replied the latter, "my best sketches have been stolen out of it." "Stolen! Do you suspect by whom?" "O, yes, one of my messengers; he took to imitating me in my love for art, and the rascal helped himself out of my album." "But didn't you arrest the scoundrel?" "O, dear, no! the puppy showed such deucedly good taste in the selections he made, I could not think of having him arrested."

FRIENDLESS CANDIDATES.

The Prince de Montbarey presented a list of young gentlemen who were candidates for vacant places in the military school of Louis XVI. of France. In this list were a great number who were strongly recommended by persons of the highest rank, along with some who were wholly destitute of such recommendation. The king observing this gave an instance of that goodness of heart which he exhibited on so many occasions. Pointing to the latter, he said, "Since these have no protectors, I will be their friend," and instantly gave the preference to them.—*Transcript.*

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SUNNY HOURS.

BY WILLIE E. FABOR.

[On a dial near Venice there is this inscription:—"I reckon only the sunny hours."]

I only reckon sunny hours:
I count the sunbeams, not the showers;
Then let the dial's lesson be
To us a daily verity.

I only count the sunny hours
Above the blossom and the flowers;
Then like the dial let us prove
The beauty and the bloom of love.

I only count the sunny hours;
For this I keep my mystic powers:
Then like the dial let us make
Our acts a blessing for life's make.

I only count the sunny hours,
I never heed the falling showers;
So let us be, when storms assail,
Firm in the faith that will prevail.

I only count the sunny hours
When sunbeams bathe the plains and bowers;
Then let us on life's sunny side
Look evermore with hope and pride.

[ORIGINAL.]

TWICE MATED.

BY LT. T. SMITH REED.

THE storm was past, and the last groan of the last strong swimmer in his agony was smothered in the long heave of the bronzed sea, whose undulating swell rolled inwards without a ripple, and without a speck of foam. The wreck of the great ship lay helpless, broadside in to the liquid rolling hills that lifted her on their summits, or threw her from their sides, while they smiled and sparkled in the sunlight, as strong and prosperous beauty passes decrepit and sorrowful old age.

Allan Wentworth, the captain of the wreck, stood alone alive. Desperately but despairingly, he looked on the dead crew as they lay about the deck, resting against the foot of the broken masts huddled together in the scappers, and lashed to the stanchions of the last bulwark. But though he looked at them, he did not see them. He had gazed so long at the wretchedness which surrounded him, that he no longer perceived the horror of his situation. One by one his men had died, and his strong ship had lost her rudder, her masts and her vitality, until, coffin-like, she enclosed only the corpses of his people; and

Allan Wentworth lived, the hapless, helpless captain of a crewless ship. With unshaken resolution he watched the approach of irresistible destiny, and holding fast to his religion and clinging to his love, he would not believe that he should be left to die so miserably alone. Allan Wentworth loved his wife, and trusted in his God.

Not many more hours could that brave old ship last upon the waters. The next plunge or the next roll might and perhaps would carry her into the unfathomable depths, where unknown monsters play with dead men's skulls, and where lost argosies that cannot sink, and cannot rise, float idly in the mid-water of the immeasurable ocean, like the small feathers that little children throw into the air.

Allan Wentworth had rigged a raft, that, made fast to the stump of the broken mizen, dragged heavily, sometimes at the stern, and sometimes at the side of the rolling ship, and he paused, only to give one look to Heaven, and one thought to home, ere he trusted himself to its frail aid.

Suddenly, in the full red light of the rising sun, he saw upon the waters the image of a woman, who rested her white hand upon the arm of a young and handsome man. And Allan trembled, as he recognized his own dear young wife. The spectral form melted into air as he looked upon them, and he rallied himself with the reflection that the appearance could be only one of those illusive figurations on the retina, which are well known to science, although they are only imperfectly understood, even by the most scientific. Yet, though his reason was convinced, his feelings were disturbed, and the cool and confident resolution that had calmly met the continually increasing danger of his situation, gave way to angry desperation. He cast loose the end of the hawser that held the raft, jumped upon the broken taffrail and sprang into the sea, as far as he could from the ship. It seemed that the little impetus the wreck received from his feet was sufficient to sink her. She toppled lazily down the side of one of the green and swelling liquid mountains into a deep valley. Her bows, no longer buoyant, drove heavily below the surface, and as the water hissed and foamed, the brave old ship, struggling and vibrating in unavailing resistance, sank, never to rise again.

Ten days afterwards, Allan Wentworth was thrown senseless upon a sandy beach, on the coast of Spain. Tangled seaweed, broken starfish, and dead shells lay around him, and the setting sun cast the long shadows of grotesque rocks upon the shelving sands. There he lay

without other clothing than a light pair of white linen trousers, tight at the waist, and loose and open above the knee, whilst the seagulls screamed over him, and the limpet, the sea-urchin and the soldier-crab, crept hungrily but fearfully round him. The high spring tide that had cast him ashore, retired slowly; the moon rose palely, like a pining lover, and in the white moonbeams Allan Wentworth's hands and arms shone like polished marble, as Inez Samuda, a Spanish girl, wandering musingly upon the beach, discovered the shipwrecked sailor.

The first impulse of Inez was to run away beyond the reach of indefinite danger, and she turned and took several steps. Then she stopped, looked back, returned and slowly approached the corpse-like form that was extended, one arm under the head, in the clear moonbeams of the summer evening. Gracefully and timidly as a young fawn Inez Samuda stepped round the object of her fear and admiration. Wonderingly she gazed at the manly symmetry that lay death-like, yet untainted by any seeming of mortality, and contemptively she wondered whether she was looking upon breathing manhood or a decaying corpse. Nature and education began a struggle for the mastery of her young heart. Kindliness and conventional usage opposed each other; and whilst her feelings told her to assist the shipwrecked sailor, her fears forbade her to touch the almost naked man. Fascinated by sensations altogether new, she could not leave the spot on which the image of the Eternal lay in a mortal trance; yet controlled by habit and custom, she dared not submit to the impulses that urged her to kneel at the side of the young man, and lift his head in her arms.

Her meditation was abruptly terminated by the appearance of a party of country people gathering seaweed on the beach. She immediately signalled to them, and with their assistance Allan Wentworth slowly revived and was carried to the neighboring village.

"O do not leave me, Allan Wentworth!" Inez exclaimed, passionately, some three weeks after her first interview with the young Englishman. "Do not leave me! I will risk much to retain you near me. Ah, you will think me bold and forward, but I will tell you, Allan. May Heaven forgive me! Alas, God help me—I love you!" And Inez clasped her hands and gazed helplessly and lovingly into the large dark eyes of the handsome sailor.

"Dear lady, do not think me ungrateful! I am poor—too poor to support you in the elegance and with the comforts to which you are accus-

tomed, and I will not injure the innocence that so trustingly confides in the truth and honor of a stranger."

"Ah," Inez replied, warmly, almost passionately, "you are no longer a stranger to me! I have watched you for three weeks, and I have learned your noble character. Allan, Allan, I love you!—yes, I love you, Allan Wentworth! I have much, very much money, and my uncle who gives me everything I desire, will leave me all he has, his land, his houses and all."

Allan answered in a tone of melancholy and affectionate sadness:

"It cannot be, dear lady. Grateful indeed I am for such preference, that when so many young and noble Spaniards ask thy love, that I in honor must refuse."

"Refuse—you must refuse!"

"Alas, dear Inez, I must not, may not, will not break the truth I swore upon the altar! I have a wife in England!"

"O, then God help me, Allan! Happy is the woman who possesses so brave and true a lover! Pardon me, Allan Wentworth, had I known this, I would not have betrayed myself. Farewell, noble and true heart! Stay! take this—accept this bracelet; bear it to thy wife, and when you tell her that you have refused the Spanish girl's love—O, Allan, may she love you as truly as I do!"

The rapid course of the mountain torrent checked itself, as the valley widened into a nearly level meadow where the rippling, bubbling current glistened as it broke against the scattered rocks in the channel of the stream, and tall elms and spreading oaks threw their shadow and their shade across the low, arched stone bridge that spanned the stream, and formed the roadway to Allan Wentworth's English home.

And Allan Wentworth, late in the summer's evening, stepped upon the lawn before the wide low window that looked on the weeping ash that drooped into the river. There were voices in the pretty drawing-room of the tranquil cottage, and Allan Wentworth's heart throbbed and his breath quickened, for he knew the voice of the wife he loved, but he did not know the voice of the man who was addressing her in tones of tender endearment. The window opened on the lawn, and as Allan Wentworth drew back into the shade cast by the trees, upon the side of the projecting window, Mrs. Wentworth walked into the open air. But she was not alone. A gentleman in the undress uniform of a cavalry officer, had one arm round her waist, and with the other hand pressed the white fingers of Mrs. Went-

worth. And the lady looked into his face and said :

"Ah, Nicholas Shirkey, do not betray me! If my husband should have the least suspicion of our connection I am sure he would kill me."

"Betray you, my pretty Jessie! I must be particularly anxious to figure as a defendant at Doctors' Commons, before I could be such a fool as to breathe a word of our secret to any one. But tell me, where is this precious husband of yours?"

"The last I heard from him was by a letter, and here it is, which told me he was ill in some unpronounceable village on the coast of Spain."

"Let's look at his letter. What sort of a letter does he write?"

Nicholas Shirkey, as he asked the question, took the letter, and as he leaned against the window-frame, almost within reach of Allan Wentworth's hand, he read it by the light that shone in the drawing-room.

"The fellow does not write a bad letter, Jessie. He must be horribly in love with you, you ungrateful little minx!"

"Why, of course he is, Nick. And I used to be horribly in love with him, too. And I declare that there was a time, and that's not a year ago, when if I thought he did not love me, I should have done—ah, I know not what. I was determined to have him, and now, umph, I don't care a pin about him! O, we are not suited to each other. Our dispositions are as different as our complexions—he is fair and I am a brunette. He is calm and meditative, and I am all for action. He likes sentiment, I dearly love fun. The fact is, Nick, I don't mind telling you, and you won't mind hearing it—I am tired of him!"

"Ha, ha! And I suppose you are getting tired of me?"

"O you are different, you know. Besides, I am afraid you will be tired first."

"Not at all improbable, my dear Jessie. I particularly dislike anything that approaches to a *grande passion*. I abominate a fuss, and somehow or other, an Englishwoman is never satisfied until she blunders into a little *ceneute*, that is, 'kicks up a shindy,'—a little sentiment in private and a great scandal in public."

"Now that is not my way, Nick."

"Yours—O no; you are the very essence of intrigue! I believe that if your husband could be here now, at this very instant, you would flirt with me before his face, throw me a kiss over his shoulder, and look your love into my heart, even while your head lay in his arms. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, it is true, Nick, I have not much sentimentality about me, and I don't want any more than I have. It is silly to love too much.

To love, indeed! 'Tis to give one's heart-strings for bell-ropes."

"I am quite of your opinion; so let me swear to it and kiss the book!"

While the guilty lovers were in this way dallying, Allan Wentworth, who at the first sight of his wife's infidelity had been crushed by the discovery, recovered his energy and gave way to his revenge. With glaring eyes, close-set teeth, and bated breath, he crouched in the shade of the bow window, and was concealed by the long branches of the drooping ash. Every breath, nay, every pulsation of the heart of his false wife was felt and heard by the excited nerves of the agitated husband. And when the guilty lips were pressed together in kisses, Allan, unable to remain a quiet spectator, rushed forward. Then there ensued a struggle—two pistol-shots in rapid succession—and Allan Wentworth strode between two bleeding bodies that lay upon the grass.

Allan Wentworth was quickly apprehended and examined, and committed to prison, to take his trial for the murder of Major Nicholas Shirkey, and for the attempt to murder Mrs. Wentworth. He availed himself of a legal form, and pleaded "not guilty." But in a manly and fearless defence he stated every circumstance as it occurred.—in the agony of a proud heart, he acknowledged his own love, his wife's treachery, and the punishment he had inflicted on her and her paramour. And when the verdict of "not guilty" was recorded amid the applause of a crowded court, Allan Wentworth laid his head upon the shoulder of a friend, and relieved his overburdened heart by tears.

"Captain Wentworth, I did not know you! How pale you look! Have you been ill again?"

"I have suffered much, Mr. Samuda, since I left Spain. But where is—how is Inez?"

A shade of sadness and sorrow passed over the countenance of the old Spanish merchant, as he replied: "Inez is in the convent."

"In a convent—and by your wish?"

"No. You know that my wish, nay, my hope, Wentworth, was that you would be her husband; and the knowledge that you were married, was a sad disappointment. Inez pined very much after you left Spain, and her confessor and her aunt the abbess, induced her to take the veil. At first she hesitated, and has consented only unwillingly."

Allan seated himself in the merchant's large easy-chair, and leaned his head upon his hand, as he said: "Then I am too late!"

"Too late, Wentworth! Too late for what?"

Allan looked into the old man's face and shook his head, as he said, sorrowfully:

"My friend, my dear, good, old friend, you look at me with kindly sorrow, because my countenance tells of suffering. But I have undergone more than lips or words can speak. A few months have pressed heavily upon my heart, and I am not the high-spirited Allan Wentworth you knew six months ago. Yet, such as I am, such as you see me, changed in person, with softened pride and humbled heart, I come here to ask—to ask Inez to be my wife."

"Your wife, Allan Wentworth! Where is Mrs. Wentworth?"

"Dead!"

The old Spaniard pressed Allan's hand warmly, and as he sat down at his side, said, in a low, compassionate tone:

"My poor young friend, Inez is to take the veil to-day. Already every initiatory ceremony has been completed, in an hour her life will be irrevocably vowed to Heaven."

"I will see the ceremony," Allan said.

"Come, then."

The long procession moved slowly through the stately aisles of the Abbey chapel. The voices of the choristers mingled with the sacred song of the nuns, and the perfumed incense rose in clouds from the golden censers. Inez walked slowly towards the altar, her thoughts in heaven, and her eyes on earth. She was passing Allan Wentworth at a distance of only a few feet, when during a pause in the music, and while only the performers in the religious rites were heard in the still silence of the groined arches, Allan said: "Inez!"

Inez started.

"Inez!"

Inez looked towards him.

"Inez, be my wife."

Inez threw back her veil.

"Inez, be my wife."

Inez screamed: "Allan Wentworth, my love, my husband!" and rushed into Allan's outstretched arms.

In a few minutes there was a little confusion, and for a few hours there was much wondering, and not a little argumentation. But the excitement gradually calmed, and a judicious application of part of Mr. Samuda's wealth satisfied the church. Allan's religion, as a good Catholic, smoothed some difficulties, and the influence of the abbess, the aunt of Inez, removed the rest. And should the reader visit Seville, he will find no wealthier merchant, where many are rich, no fairer lady, where all are lovely, and no happier couple than Allan and Inez Wentworth.

Prodigals are born of misers, and butterflies are born of grubs.

[ORIGINAL.]

WHEN BACK ON THE WAVES.

BY JAMES KISTINE.

When back on the waves of our own placid bay
We anchor, returning from far distant shores,
How sweet is the billow's harmonious lay,
That softly along on the evening air pours.

And on the cool saphyr that soars from the land,
We scent the sweet fragrance of long-cherished flowers,
That strow with their beauty the green sloping strand,
And gem the bright paths of our dear native bowers.

[ORIGINAL.]

MATTIE MILLIS AND HER BEAU:

— OR, —

THE OLD FOLKS CONVINCED.

BY EMMA FRANCES POTTER.

"How strange it is that gals and boys take so kind of naturally to one another," soliloquized Dame Greg, as she unfolded a bundle of hemp cloth and began to stitch busily upon a frock-sleeve. "The very old possessed has got into our Mat," she continued, "since she has been stayed to by Will Tileston, and the good-for-nothing trollop has gone off now somewhere, and left these frocks just where she found them, not even sewed a gusset in, I declare! How things have changed since I was a gal! My old man—he was young then—and many's the time we've set and pared pumkins together, and never thought of sky-larkin' round *hether* and *yend*. Dear me, gals aint good for nothing now—"

"Hallo, Aunt Greg!" exclaimed young Tileston, coming up the path just at that moment, with the rosy-cheeked niece of the farmer.

"You're a good-for-nothing sneak-about," returned Aunt Greg. "Here I expected Mat to a helped me a sight on these frocks, and she shirked out of it just as slick as you please. I suppose she'd jump out of the garret winder to go anywhere with a bean."

"Who blames her?" asked the young man. "It is abominable, the idea of stitching such buckram as this,"—taking hold of the coarse cloth, which lay on Aunt Greg's lap. "Her delicate fingers revolt at such a task!" he continued, winking at the blushing Mat. "She must have a sewing-machine."

"Sewing-machine, hey? Delicate fingers, humph!" exclaimed Dame Greg, biting off with a nervous nip of her teeth the hempen thread which had knotted in her needle. "It's mighty pretty to have somebody to say such things for

you, but Mat knows better than to say it herself. The best sewing-machine is this,"—and the strong-minded woman took long sweeping stitches in the coarse cloth, and motioned with her head towards the gyrations she was effecting with her brawny hands. "And as for our Mat's hands being delicate, bless me, she can milk the ugliest cow in Christendom with them."

"You laugh and think I am in jest," replied young Tileston, "but there are such things as sewing-machines, and shirts and all kinds of clothing can be made much nicer and much quicker than by hand. And there's Farmer Greg, too, persists in sitting astride of that ridiculous shovel, to shell corn on its edge, when there are just the handiest cornshellers looking him in the face every time he goes to mill, through the window of the Union store. And the churn, too, that blisters Mattie's hands twice a week, is one of the old-style plagues that should have vanished with the May-flower."

"Much you know about it," replied Aunt Greg. "But there's any quantity of newspaper humbugs; my old man is continually reading them. I saw a declaration about a mill or machine where you could put in a live ox at one side, and out of the other side would come a pair of boots, two quarters of dressed beef, a quarto Bible and a trunk or two! O, you can't fool me with any of your nonsense!"

Tileston burst into a loud laugh at this denunciation of Aunt Greg's against all new inventions, but getting sober again he began to remonstrate with her.

"I am sure," he began, throwing his straw hat on the table and putting his hand into a basket of peas which Mattie was shelling, "Farmer Greg, although he ignores every new improvement for himself, laughs and thinks the working of neighbor Hallam's threshing-machine and cultivator is remarkable in the extreme, and he dare not call them humbugs. And I remember last winter, where one of the prettiest girls in Tileston made the red apples spin on a paring apparatus which a certain young fellow brought from town for the express purpose of making all you old fogies stare!"

Here Tileston stepped significantly on the toe of Mat's slipper, causing the pan containing the peas to slip from her lap, and the contents went spinning and popping over the floor.

"There, so much for not having your mind on your work!" said Mrs. Greg.

Mat and Tileston began to scrape up the peas with their hands, and Mrs. Greg stepped out to bring a brush with which to facilitate their work.

"No harm done," said Tileston. "But about

these new-fangled matters"—Mat and Will had been gradually approaching each other, and he now hastily gave her a kiss. Whether Aunt Greg saw this or not, we do not know, but certain it is, she came into the room very quickly, and laying down the brush, exclaimed:

"New-fangled indeed! If there were a few more new-fangled, bothering affairs like you around, there might be sewing, threshing and kissing too, done! Clear out, you young scamp, for Mat will never do a thing properly while you are round."

Seizing the frock she had been making, she attempted to strike the young man over the head with it; but he made his escape before she could reach him, and leaped over the garden fence, swinging his hat and exclaiming:

"Bravo! bravo! what do you think of threshing-machines, Mrs. Greg?"

Aunt Greg was not an ill-natured woman, and she could not forbear laughing at the nonchalance and mirth of the smart young Tileston.

"What a rattle brained fellow that Will Tileston is!" she exclaimed, as she returned to her sewing. "Means well enough, I suppose, but I can't bear to hear young folks talk like fools, when they know better."

This she said as a sort of excuse for her brusque method of getting rid of him, for she rather liked than otherwise both the gallantry and satire of this young bean of Mat's.

The red cheeked girl who had been the blushing witness of Dame Greg's agitation, put her head out of the window to look after the author of this controversy, who looked back every now and then to catch glimpses of Mattie Millis. From an earnest gaze the vague look of Mat passed into a sort of day-dream, in which, with her head resting on her hand, and her deep blue eyes fixed on the swaying vine on the garden wall opposite the old kitchen window, she imagined herself walking away among the sunny meadows on some Sunday afternoon, with another by her side who put his arm around her as he walked, and told her of the new white cottage next his father's, so cosy and so much the thing for a pretty young wife to live in. Then she saw in the swaying vine a neat bridal costume, and her uncle and aunt Greg, with go-to-meeting faces, bustling about the best room and talking of "acres and "selling out." Here, just as she was timidly imagining her own blushing reply to—"Wilt thou take this man to be thy lawful husband?"—Aunt Greg hit her a ringing slap on the shoulders, and accompanied it with:

"What upon earth has got into you, Mat?" I have been screaming this half hour! The po

boils over; go and see to it, you jade you, and don't let me catch you casting sheep's eyes at Tileston again!"

How instantly the day-dream of our heroine vanished, we have no authority to state; enough that when the old brass clock struck twelve, dimpling Mat was sent out to blow the horn for the people at work in the field, and awaited their coming to feast upon the vegetable dainties, which despite the boiling over of the kettle and the temper of Aunt Greg had been dished up on the farmer's table.

What the reflections of young Tileston were, as he walked towards the bars which separated his father's fields from the pasture of Farmer Greg we cannot define, but by his repeated backward glances at the farm-house, just visible among the trees, one might at once conclude that the late adventure in the cottage kitchen had enhanced the blooming Mattie in his opinion, and made him, too, guilty of a day-dream in which the white cottage on the hill was one prominent landmark, and this formed itself into a determination to go more earnestly to work upon the affections of Miss Millis.

The first point to be gained was over the wilful guardian, Aunt Greg. The scene which had transpired within the last hour was fresh in his mind. Farmer Greg was ploughing in the field directly before him, and as Tileston watched the awkward and laborious exertions of the old foggy farmer, he exclaimed:

"Old fool! he thinks he must tread in the exact footsteps of his ancestors, but I will prove to him and to his wilful dame that they are behind the times—and I can be working after Mat all the time."

With this for the capital letter of his future, Will Tileston got down off the bar, and bringing his hand down on his knee with a "Good!" (thought aloud), he walked into his father's house.

"Sprucing up, eh? Where on earth are you going now, Mat?" exclaimed Dame Greg, as she stooped to pick up the threads from the striped carpet.

"Not anywhere, aunt," replied the blushing Mat.

"Then I suppose Mr. What's-his-name's expected here. I hope the goosehead will know enough to go away in some sort of time. That's all the candle you can have anyway, so make much of it."

Mat, who had been making water-curles around her dimpled face, turned around upon the insinuating woman, who was holding the door open to aggravate her niece.

"There, there," she exclaimed through the crack, "that will do—that will suit him, just the Tileston curl exactly. What tarnal proud critters gals are now-a-days," she muttered, as she closed the door.

The pleasant voice of young Tileston, just ushered in by Mat, caught the ear of Aunt Greg, and after lingering a moment to lay aside her apron, she once more found herself *vis-a-vis* with the arch-looking Will Tileston.

"Have you thought anything more about our scheme?" was the first salutation. "Let me see, where did we leave off? Any new humbug come to light, Aunt Greg?"

The farmer's wife burst into a laugh, as the young man set her a chair, and she made a rather evasive answer, to which he replied:

"Are you any more open to conviction than heretofore? How is it about the frocks—all done, Mattie?"

"But you was in fun, wasn't you, Will?" asked Mat, taking the tongs to adjust a brand in the fireplace. "There isn't any such thing as a sewing-machine is there?"

"Certainly. And were you disposed, you could count every stitch in a shirt, and make three or four of them in a day, for all I know. Why, Mat, this is the age of progress. We who live away up here in the country don't realize what's going on in the world, but the day is coming for Tileston yet. Old Farmer Greg will be ashamed yet to be seen astride of the peel shelling corn. And I'll wager Aunt Greg the most shining silk dress in the City of Notions, that before the end of two years, much as she has laughed at me, that the old mill-brook beyond Greg's Hill will be bridged by a mill of some sort, and that the hemp frocks in this very kitchen will be stitched by the questionable humbug, and that—but I won't say what now."

"Well, I want to know if you really mean it?" asked Aunt Greg. "Now do tell us all about it. You're the first person I ever heard speak about this in earnest."

Will now had to turn the laugh on to Aunt Greg, who became confused and out of patience, and finally left the room.

"Ahem!" ejaculated Tileston. "I was going to say furthermore, that my little Mattie Millis would be the mistress of a certain little cottage beyond the mill, and Will Tileston would be on the door-plate."

"Hush!" breathed Mat, half-afraid, turning a hurried look towards the door, and allowing Tileston to press her hand as she did so.

"I've a notion," commenced Tileston again, "of my own, of building up myself and Tileston.

The old man has got plenty of funds, I am his only son, and you are the only heir of your uncle. Now, Mat, ahem, ahem—" (Tileston had a strong phthisic affection of the throat just then.) However, after turning about, going to the window, and then re-seating himself just as he was before, he leaned his head towards Mat, who was making a cat's-cradle of her apron-strings, and whispered, "Mat, do you love me?"

Whether there was a sudden reviving of the flickering of the embers on the hearth, or a last effort of the dying candle to illumine her answer, was indeterminate. But certain it was, that there was a fire-red glow upon a certain fair face, and a "No you don't," from the rosy mouth which Will Tileston took the liberty at that moment to taste of.

"But I am in earnest, Mat. I am a man now, two-and-twenty last Monday week. You know the cottage down by the mill—that's mine, when I've a mind to settle down. If you and I can agree, and can bring the old folks to agree with us, I will make the old mill-pond soon ring with the mallet and hammer. Tell me quick, Mattie, do you love me?"

Mat had at this juncture escaped from the room to replenish the fire and the candle, and coming laughingly along, with an apron full of cobs to serve as fuel and light too (Aunt Greg having prohibited another candle), Tileston extended his arm to force her into acquiescence, she dropped her apron accidentally into the fire, and in a moment her whole dress was in a blaze. Tileston screamed with affright, and Aunt Greg and her spouse, both in their *robes de nuit*, rushed into the room to find Mat gasping in the arms of Will Tileston, who was showing his solicitude in every imaginable way. Uncle Greg was startled at this phase in affairs, never having known the particular penchant of young Tileston for his niece. Though Aunt Greg frowned at first, and then after Mat had been taken to her room, more scared than hurt, she sought the apartment where her spouse and Will Tileston were discussing the delicate theme of marrying Mattie Millis.

"Marrying!" broke in Aunt Greg, "why, the child haint knit her own stockings only this year—you are crazy, Mr. Greg!"

"But you shall have a sewing-machine to help you," broke in young Tileston, "the very first one there will be in town. I will warrant your conviction when you see the beauty of its motions; its humming will be sweeter than was ever Mat's voice. She has been rather a troublesome sewing-machine, I suppose. How is it with Uncle Greg's frock sleeves, any gussets to them yet?"

The dame was rather affronted at first, but seeing a broad grin on the face of the old farmer, she thought better of her ill-nature, and replied:

"Well, I've nothing to say about it. She's the old man's relation instead of mine, he can say what he pleases." It is useless to detail any more about the stratagem of young Tileston, of the illness of Mattie Millis; enough that the old farmer did not say no, and the old rail fence that marked the boundary around the mill-pond on Greg's Hill, disappeared in a few weeks, and the echoes in that vicinity were aroused by the creaking of timber and hewing of stone, and a lofty building soon rose to view, with the sign, "Tileston & Co., Tool Factory," on the very sight where Tileston and Mat had trysted time and again, and talked of the white cottage, in which was in reality settled another Tileston & Co.

In the farmer's kitchen, beside the same window where the first scene of this sketch was laid, about two years after might have been seen Aunt Greg stitching a hemp frock on one of those disputed sewing-machines, while a blue-eyed, curly-haired youngster was crawling upon the carved work beneath, and incommoding Aunt Greg's busy foot, she reprimanded him with:

"Take care, Willie, aunty can't sew."

Farmer Greg's hired man was hitching the oxen to a new-fangled concern called a cultivator, just as the old farmer drove up with the long wagon, and called him to help lift out another of the silly notions of Will Tileston, destined to supercede the old shovel in shelling corn. Meanwhile the old man muttered to himself:

"Corn is worth a dollar a bushel! The rats gnawed into the cornhouse, last winter and carried off half my crop; this ere machine will fill my bags, and when the crop is turned into cash, 'twill fix the vermin. But then, when I think how things are changed, I can't believe my eyes. That scamp of a Tileston that carried off our Mat, how he laughed at me one day when he saw my corn-sheller—but then he's a mighty smart fellow, and I have never begrudged Mat her setting out."

LOVE.

True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven.

It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.—WALTER SCOTT.

Wisdom is wealth; but if there was no other wealth than the wealth of wisdom, the world would be shockingly poor.

[ORIGINAL.]

GONE BEFORE.

BY MRS. B. B. EDSON.

It is very lonely now, darling,
 Since that quiet autumn eve,
 When you meekly folded your loving hands,
 And told us not to grieve;
 For though o'er the light of our earthly love
 The shadows were settling down,
 You saw on the bright, the further shore,
 The gleam of the promised crown.

You asked me to think in the coming years,
 Mid the toils and the cares of life,
 Of her who had been ten happy years
 Your loved and loving wife;
 And when the pang of this parting hour
 Should be dulled by the lapse of years,
 And the quiet joy and the old-time smile
 Have taken the place of tears;

When the grief that is surging so wildly now
 Shall be changed to a quiet flow,
 I know you will never quite forget
 The loved one of long ago;

And when the fair shores of the better land
 Shall break on your fading sight,
 You will know I only went before,
 To make it more homelike and bright.

Dear heart, the sweet home of rest above
 Grows nearer since thou art there,
 And all defects of doubt and fear
 Are vanishing into air;
 And the sullen surge from the unknown shore,
 So vague and undefined,
 Is parted now by the golden wake
 Your love has left behind!

And I think, with the thrill that the mariner feels,
 Who has been long and long away,
 When he sees the blue hills and the headlands rise
 Through the mists of the opening day,
 That a few more weary leagues of space,
 And a few more lagging hours,
 Shall bring me safe where the swinging lamps
 Hang down from the pearly towers!

[ORIGINAL.]

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

BY JOHN B. WILLIAMS, M. D.

I SHALL never forget to the last day of my life, my emotions of joy when I was called up, on the evening of the Commencement of the University Medical College, in the city of New York, to receive my diploma authorizing me to practise as a physician. The idea of being able hereafter to write John Merrifield with M. D. after my name, was a sufficient reward for all my hard study; and I remember the next day I did nothing else but write it on a piece of paper to see

how it would look. This vanity is perhaps pardonable, when it is remembered that for three years I had been looking forward to that happy day; that it was the end of all my ambition; that for this privilege I had burned the midnight oil; and that I looked upon it as a stepping-stone to a respectable position in the world, if not to fortune and renown. I little knew the trials and difficulties a young physician has to undergo to gain even a moderate competence; but I suppose I expected that I should jump into practice at once, and rich patients, large fees and successful cures formed the staple of my thoughts.

I determined that I would settle in the city, as affording me a larger scope where to exercise the abilities I thought I possessed. The very next day I hired a suitable office in Bleeker Street, fixed my "shingle," in all the glory of gold letters on a black ground, to the side of the house, furnished my apartment in a very moderate style, and then sat down in my office to wait for patients.

And I had to wait days, weeks, nay, even months elapsed, and no patients came. My small means were slowly dwindling away, and I saw no prospect of time effecting any improvement in my circumstances. I began to despair, and resolved several times that I would give up my profession and seek some other employment, which would at least afford me a means of support. At last I came to a fixed resolution on the subject, and determined that if another week did not bring me a patient, I would at once take down my sign, scratch out M. D. from my name, and endeavor to procure a situation as clerk in a drug-store, for which position my previous education qualified me.

Six days passed, and not a soul came; the seventh (it was Sunday, how well I remember it!) dawned. It was a bitter cold day in March, and the streets were covered to some depth with snow. I advanced to my office-window and gazed listlessly into the street. It looked so hopelessly cheerless outside that it struck a chill into my heart, and I sat down in my "Boston rocker" utterly dispirited. I attempted to read, but the words swam before my eyes and I threw down the book. I could only gaze into the fire, and endeavor to read my future fate in the glowing coals.

I might have been thus occupied an hour or more, when I was aroused by a violent ring at my office-bell. At first I thought it was only my imagination, and rubbed my eyes to see if I had not been dozing. A second ring, even more violent than the first, caused me, however, to start to my feet. I ran to the door and opened

it, and found standing there a young girl about seventeen or eighteen years of age. The passage was rather dark, so I could not see her features well.

• "Does Doctor Merrifield live here?" she asked, in a sweetly musical voice.

"I am Doctor Merrifield," I replied.

"Would you be kind enough to come and see my father, sir? He is very sick, and wishes you to come immediately."

At last, my first patient had come!

"Where does your father live?" I tremblingly asked.

"He lives in the Third Avenue, near Sixteenth Street. I will accompany you, if you have no objection. You might not find the house, as there is no number on the door. I have a hack at the door."

To put on my hat and overcoat was the occupation of but a moment, and in another minute I found myself seated by the side of the young girl in the hack. It was only then that I had an opportunity of seeing her features, and I was immediately struck with her extreme beauty. As I have before said, she was about eighteen years of age. She was above the medium height, and her features were faultlessly regular. Her hair was bright auburn, her eyes dark blue, and her long eyelashes gave that dreamy expression to her face so charming in woman. She evidently possessed a fine mind, for her forehead was lofty, and her actions and motions showed that she had been endowed with a refined education.

We spoke but little while in the carriage. She answered my interrogations as to her father's symptoms, with an eagerness which showed that her whole thoughts were centred in him, and perceiving her pre-occupation, I did not attempt to discuss any other subject.

At last we stopped before the door of her father's house, and I descended from the vehicle and having assisted the young lady to alight, I glanced at the building in which my first patient resided. It was a substantial-looking edifice, standing a little back from the street, and everything around it betokened easy circumstances, if not wealth. The young lady led the way, and in answer to her summons at the front door, it was speedily opened, and we entered a spacious hall. Requesting me to remain in the parlor for a moment or two, my fair companion tripped nimbly up stairs.

While she was gone I had an opportunity of examining the apartment. It was elegantly furnished, and gave the same evidence of more than a moderate income which the exterior did. The walls were decorated with handsome oil

paintings, and from the large number of sea-subjects, I judged that my patient had been a sailor. While I was examining the pictures, the young lady re-entered the room and informed me that her father, Captain Linton, was ready to receive me. Escorted by Miss Linton, I ascended the stairs and was shown into the captain's bedroom. The bed on which my patient reclined was at the further end of the chamber. The moment I entered, he stretched out his hand, and I took my place by his side.

He was an elderly man, and at first glance did not appear to be very sick. His face was full, and excepting an anxious expression to be traced on it, bore evidence of good health. The moment, however, that I placed my fingers on his pulse, I discovered the secret of his malady, for it was intermittent. I knew even before examination, that he was suffering from organic disease of the heart. He answered all my questions calmly and to the point. After an interview of about half an hour, I prescribed a sedative and returned to my office.

The next day I visited him again and found that he was something better. I conversed with him longer than I had done the first day, and found him to be a highly intelligent man, full of anecdote and valuable information. It was as I had previously supposed; he had followed the sea as a profession, and had been the captain of a privateer during the war of 1812. He had taken many valuable prizes, and from his successful career had amassed quite a fortune.

I need not dwell on this part of my history; suffice it to say that I attended Captain Linton for three weeks. During this time I had frequent opportunities of seeing his daughter, and my acquaintance with her only served to increase the favorable opinion I had entertained on our first interview. She was a charming girl, full of grace, gentleness, and what the French call *esprit*. It was, therefore, with no small degree of pleasure that I heard Captain Linton, when he was able to dispense with my professional services, request me to drop in now and then and pay them a friendly visit. Helen Linton had frequently when I was alone with her, asked me my opinion of her father's condition. Without wishing to alarm her seriously, I thought it my duty to intimate in pretty plain language that his heart was organically diseased, and that he might be taken away at any moment. She heard my opinion with tears in her eyes, and begged that I would do everything in my power to persuade him to follow a strict regimen. This I promised to do, and really think my advice had some weight with the hardy old seaman, for I noticed

on subsequent visits that he indulged much less in stimulants than he used to do.

I do not know how the feeling crept on me, or what fostered its birth, but I seemed as it were to find myself suddenly in love with Helen Linton. I suppose it was the thorough awakening of my mind to all her noble qualities, that caused me to draw the conclusion that she would make me an excellent wife. Be that as it may, I found myself visiting there every night, and really looked upon myself as one of the family. Helen always received me with *empressment*, and yet I could not tell whether she simply viewed me in the light of a dear friend, or entertained any tenderer feelings in her heart.

One day, however, I determined to know my fate, and taking advantage of her father's absence, I poured into her ear a flood of impassioned eloquence which proceeded from my heart. I had the supreme happiness of imprinting on her lips the seal of an accepted lover. That same evening I asked her hand of the captain, when he returned home. The only reply he made was to place her hand in mine and repeat a prayer for our happiness. I shall not attempt to paint our joy. It was decided that in a month from that time we should be married. Since my first attendance on Captain Linton, patients began to drop in, and I was getting together quite a good practice.

Three weeks passed on, and the preparations for our wedding were all completed, when I suddenly received a message from Helen, begging me to come immediately, as her father was very sick. I obeyed the summons, but before I got to the house he was dead! Instead of a wedding we had a funeral. Helen was terribly affected by her father's death. Of course our wedding was postponed, and it was decided that she should go and spend a few months with an uncle who lived at a small village called Industry, on the banks of the Ohio. Our parting was an affecting one, but we were cheered by the hope of soon meeting again; for it was agreed between us that after she had been visiting there a month, I should go and see her.

She had been gone about a week, when to my great surprise and consternation, I received a letter from her uncle, Mr. Henry Linton, stating that she had not arrived at his house, and begging some explanation of the delay, at the same time expressing a hope that it was not occasioned by sickness. I did not think it necessary to answer this letter, for I determined at once to go on. I made a hasty arrangement with a fellow-practitioner to attend to my patients during my absence, and that same evening I procured a through

ticket to Wheeling, and in a few hours had left New York far behind.

When I reached Wheeling I made the necessary inquiries at the various hotels, and succeeded in tracing Helen there. I also discovered that she had taken passage in a boat to Wellsville. To this last place I hastened with all the celerity I was capable of exercising. Here, however, I lost all trace of her, and nothing was left for me but to go on to Industry, for I thought that perhaps she might have arrived at her relative's house since the latter had been despatched to New York.

When I reached Mr. Linton's house, I found to my consternation that she had not been heard of. Her uncle was extremely surprised to learn that she had left New York, for he had supposed something had detained her. He immediately despatched messengers in every direction to search for her. I would have accompanied them, but I was physically unable to do so, for I was so thoroughly exhausted that I could scarcely stand. Mr. Linton insisted on my resting for the night. Much against my inclination I was compelled to comply with his request.

I woke early the next morning, very much refreshed, and hurrying on my clothes descended into the garden, where, through the window, I saw my host walking up and down one of the paths in an agitated manner.

"Good morning, doctor," he said, "as soon as he saw me. "I suppose you are off again."

"Yes. I will search the earth through but I will find her."

"God grant you may be successful!"

"You speak doubtfully—you cannot think anything serious has befallen Helen."

"I hope not—I trust not, but we live in strange times."

There was something so peculiar in the tone in which he spoke, that I gazed earnestly at the speaker.

"You are alarmed and agitated," I exclaimed.

"Tell me what it is you fear."

"Doctor, I ought to tell you, and yet I am afraid of exciting your fears needlessly, but on reflection, it is perhaps better that you should know all."

"You do indeed alarm me. You have heard some bad news. Speak, I conjure you."

"No, I have heard no bad news, I have heard nothing at all of Helen. But, doctor, there is something very mysterious transpiring in our neighborhood. No less than four or five of our best citizens and several strangers have suddenly disappeared from our midst, and nothing more has been heard of them, and all this within six months."

"But have they been sought for, and is it certain they did not leave of their own free will?"

"If only one or two had disappeared, that would be a very just suspicion, but it is impossible that five respectable farmers and merchants would desert their wives and children, as these men have done. You ask me if search has been made for them. The most minute and careful search has been instituted; in fact, the whole country has been scoured for miles, but not the slightest trace of the missing individuals could be found."

"How strange! What is supposed to have become of them?"

"Heaven only knows! There are a hundred rumors afloat, but nothing reliable in any of them. The thought struck me this morning that perhaps Helen may have disappeared in this manner."

"That is scarcely possible," I returned—at the same time I felt a chill strike my heart. "Surely no one would harm a young girl. Your suspicions will, however, stimulate me to fresh exertions. Is there any particular locality where these people who have disappeared were last seen or heard of?"

"As I before told you, these parties who disappeared were farmers, and most of them were returning from Rochester, a town eight miles from here, where they had been to dispose of their produce. They were traced to Rochester, where they did their business, and were then traced out of that town; then all further clue was lost."

"It is certain then, that the ambuscade, or whatever may be the cause of their disappearance, lies between Rochester and Industry?"

"So it would seem, but every foot of ground has been thoroughly explored without any success at all."

A domestic now came to inform us that breakfast was ready. After a hurried meal, I jumped on the back of a horse which I borrowed from Mr. Linton, and determined that I would explore for myself the road between Industry and Rochester.

It was a beautiful spring morning, and in spite of my anxiety, I could not help noticing the charming country through which I passed. On one side of me was the silvery Ohio, flashing and sparkling in the beams of the morning sun, as if it were greeting its bride. The trees were musical with birds, and covered with the bright green verdure which they assume in the spring of the year. While I was pursuing my journey, I could not help thinking on all I had heard, and the more I reflected on it, the more extraordinary it

appeared; at the same time it did not seem to me to be at all probable that Helen had shared the same fate, whatever it might be.

It was while indulging in these thoughts that I reached Rochester. I visited every portion of the town, but could not learn that any one answering to Helen's description had been seen there. It was night by the time I had concluded my search, and I must own my mind was considerably relieved that I had heard nothing of Helen—for the conversation I had with some of the inhabitants of the town, only served to confirm all that Mr. Linton had told me.

It was quite dark when I left Rochester for Industry, but as I had only eight miles to travel I set off at a gallop, expecting to reach the latter place in less than an hour. I had, however, not proceeded more than two or three miles, when my horse fell suddenly lame, and I found that he could proceed no further. I dismounted, and leading him by the bridle, walked for half a mile, when I came to a large inn or tavern, which I had noticed in the morning when I passed along the road.

It was now about ten o'clock, and I determined I would leave my horse there for the night and try and procure another animal from the landlord, which would convey me to my destination. I advanced to the door of the inn, and knocked loudly. Although I could see a light burning in the interior, no reply was made to my summons. I knocked again more loudly than at first, and after a minute or two the bolts were withdrawn, and a man appeared. I made known my request to him; he informed me that he could not let me have another horse, but that I could sleep there until the morning, when a stage would pass the house.

I debated a minute or two in my own mind as to what was best to be done. It was late, and I knew that Mr. Linton would scarcely expect me at that hour, and the idea of walking five or six miles on a road concerning which such terrible stories were rife, was by no means an agreeable one. Not that I felt afraid, for I had taken the precaution to arm myself with a revolver. I finally made up my mind to accept the landlord's offer, and consigning my horse to his care, I entered the house and made my way to the parlor, where I found a woman seated by the fire, whom I afterwards learned was the landlord's wife. I sat down after making a few general remarks, and was soon rejoined by the landlord.

He was a strong, healthy-looking man, with a remarkable mild face and pleasant smile, the very impersonation of a jolly host. His wife was also a very fine-looking woman, with an excellent ex-

pression of countenance. I felt perfectly at home in a minute, and we conversed on a hundred different topics.

"By-the-by," said I, after a pause in our conversation, "the road between here and Industry bears a bad reputation, if I am to believe all the reports concerning it."

"You may well say reports, sir," said the host of the White Swan. "The fact is, I don't believe there is a word of truth in the matter. I have lived on this road now going on twenty-two years, and I never saw anything wrong here. It's my belief that the first man who disappeared went out West, and anybody that wants to leave takes advantage of the excitement, and by this means conceals his flight."

"That supposition is very reasonable," I returned; "but I am informed the men who have disappeared were all of the highest respectability."

"That may be, sir, but there's no fathoming the human heart—a man may lead a seemingly virtuous life, and yet in his heart may be everything that is bad. What makes me think that my supposition in this matter is a correct one, is the fact that a man was here the other day and stated to me that he had seen one of the missing men in Wisconsin."

"If that is the case, it certainly goes far to explain the mystery. It is a pity the fact is not made public and positive proof adduced; it would tend to disabuse the public mind."

"If the truth could be made manifest, it would do me a great deal of good, for I assure you, sir, since these reports have been circulated, my business has suffered terribly. Formerly my house used to be always full, now scarcely anybody visits it. If it were not for what I make at my business as a carpenter, we should starve."

We prolonged the conversation for some time longer, when I expressed a wish to retire to bed. I noticed for the first time a peculiar glance pass between the man and the woman, which afterwards returned with terrible significance to my mind, but at the time I paid but little heed to it.

"The white room," suggested the landlord's wife.

"No, the red room," returned the landlord, knitting his brows—which action had the effect of silencing her, for she offered no further objection.

The landlord handed me a lamp and ushered me into my chamber. It was a large, old-fashioned apartment, with a high ceiling and polished floor, for strange to say, it was without a shred of carpet or matting to cover it. The bed was a heavy four-poster, with thick red curtains drawn close all round it. The furniture in the room

was old but strong and substantial, and the walls were covered with several large sporting prints. The landlord bade me good night and left me to my own reflections.

When he had gone, I went to the window and looked out on the night. A glorious sight met my gaze. The moon was at its full, and rode through the heavens in all the majesty of its solitary splendor. Through the trees I could see the waters of the Ohio flashing in the moonlight. I put out the light that I might better enjoy the scene, and fastening the curtains back, seated myself close to the casement, and supporting my head with my hand, delivered myself up to my own reflections.

In what I have written, I have dwelt but little on the condition of my own feelings since Helen had been lost, but the reader must not imagine on that account that I did not feel this trial poignantly. It was now, especially as I gazed on the beautiful scene before me, that the recollection of her glorious character, of her noble heart, of her devotion, all came back in a flood to my heart, and unmanly though it may seem, the tears coursed each other down my cheeks. Although her disappearance was most mysterious, I could not bring myself to believe that any accident had befallen her. I thought that perhaps, instead of getting off the boat at Wellsville, she might, through accident, have gone on to Pittsburgh, and be detained there from some unavoidable cause.

It was while plunged in the midst of these reflections, that I distinctly heard a stealthy step on the stairs, and almost directly afterwards the door opened gently, and the landlord's wife put her head in.

"Did you want anything?" I asked, rising up in a standing posture.

"We thought you called," said the woman, withdrawing her head.

"No," I returned, "you are mistaken, I did not call. I want nothing."

"I beg your pardon, sir. Good night."

"Good night."

And the woman closed the door, and left me alone again. It was now that suspicion began to creep into my mind. There was something very strange in this woman's visit to my apartment. I could not believe that they thought I had called. The night was too still and calm to admit the possibility of such a mistake. Then recurred to my mind the look which had passed between them when I expressed a wish to be shown to my chamber. Still, my suspicions took no tangible shape, but only determined me to keep all my senses about me. The thought cer-

tainly did strike me once or twice that perhaps this innkeeper might have something to do with the mysterious disappearances, but when I remembered his honest face, I repelled the idea as being most chimerical. After a little time, I dismissed the subject from my thoughts, and resumed my occupation of gazing on the silver river.

One sense I possess in a very acute degree, namely, the faculty of hearing. Ever since I was a boy I have been able to distinguish sounds, while to the majority of persons a complete silence reigns. I suddenly became conscious that some one was listening at my chamber door. It may be that I was more on the alert than usual. My plan was immediately formed. It was evident that for some purpose or other, the worthy host and his wife wished me in bed, so without making any preparation whatever, I threw myself dressed as I was, on the bed. I was immediately conscious that the person left the door, retreating down stairs.

It was now my turn to exercise a little diplomacy, for I was by this time assured that there was something very unusual in all this. I rose quietly from the bed and concealed myself in the folds of the window-curtains, determined to watch and wait. I remained in this position for at least half an hour, without a single sound reaching my ear, and was about to go to bed in good earnest, when I heard the clanking of iron in the room immediately underneath the one I occupied. It was very faint and resembled, as near as I could tell, the hooking of one iron chain to another. I now felt certain that something extraordinary was about to occur. Another long pause, however, followed. It might have been perhaps half an hour, when happening to turn my eyes in the direction of the bed (on which the moon was shining), I saw the top of it oscillate, and then, to my intense surprise, it began to sink slowly through the floor, a large trap-door having opened for that purpose.

More determined than ever to penetrate this mystery—for I was now satisfied that the mysterious disappearances were in a fair way of being explained—I stole gently forward, and before the bed had wholly disappeared, I had clung firmly to one of the bed-posts, the bed-curtains concealing me from a casual observer.

The bedstead continued to descend so gently and slowly that its motion was scarcely perceptible, and I am certain had I been asleep, I should not have felt it. I was not aware at the time how far we went, but it seemed to me to be a considerable depth. At last the motion ceased, and I watched with some anxiety to see what was

next to be done. I had not to wait long, for suddenly a heavy iron plate, which appeared to come out of the top of the bed, fell with tremendous force on the bed itself. It is certain if I had been lying there, I should have been instantly killed. As it was, I was shaken from my hold and fell on damp earth. I was not hurt, however, and was immediately aware that I must be in a species of cellar, or cave, from the softness of the ground. I rose on my feet, and endeavored to penetrate the darkness which surrounded me, but I was unable to see a single ray of light.

I groped my way along an uneven wall, until at last I came to a round projection. Passing round this by the aid of my hands, I saw the glimmering of a light which proceeded from an opening in this subterranean chamber, for such it proved to be. I cautiously advanced to this opening and glanced through it, and who should I see there but the landlord and his wife! They were conversing together, and their voices distinctly reached my ear.

"I suppose his business is finished by this time," said the landlord.

"Have you let down the iron plate?"

"Certainly, two or three minutes ago. It kills very surely, that's one comfort."

"John, I wish you had saved this stranger's life," said his wife.

"Why so?"

"Well, we've shed blood enough."

"Pshaw, you're growing squeamish!"

"Do you think he had much money about him?"

"I don't know, but he has a splendid gold watch, and that's something."

At that moment their conversation was interrupted by a scream so loud that it seemed to shake the very ground. Every particle of blood receded from my heart, for I thought I recognized the voice.

"There's that girl screaming again," said the landlord of the inn. "If it had not been for you, I would have settled her business long ago—but you have dissuaded me from it. I tell you what, though, she shall die to-night."

"No, John, don't murder that poor girl."

"What will you do with her?"

"I don't know yet—but let her live."

"No, she must die!"

"John, you must not—cannot kill her."

"But I will though—and this very minute, too!"

"You shall not—you shall not!"

"Hold your tongue, wretch!" exclaimed the landlord.

"I say, John, I will not allow you to kill her

"You will not, hey? Take that for your trouble then."

And I heard the villain give her a blow which evidently felled her to the ground, for she was silent after it.

I now saw the innkeeper, with a bowie-knife between his teeth, stealthily leave the cell, and with a candle in his hand, direct his steps towards the further end of the cavern, where I saw, by the rays of the candle, a circular projection similar to the one he had just left. His fearful purpose was only too apparent. I followed, close to his heels, the soft ground preventing my footsteps being heard.

Another thrilling and heart-rending shriek reached my ears. My only wonder now is, that I did not seize the assassin there and then. But I suppose I was afraid I should never be able to find Helen in that accursed place, unless guided to her place of confinement; at all events, I thought it better to allow him to proceed. He unlocked a grated door and entered a dismal-looking cell. I glided in after him, and saw my beloved girl bound hand and foot to an iron bedstead.

"Young girl," said the villain, as he entered, "I will give you two minutes to say your prayers in—you must die!"

"O, spare me—spare me!" shrieked Helen. "O, John, John, why are you not here to protect me?"

"I am here!" I exclaimed, seizing the villain by the throat, and almost choking the life out of him.

The moment he saw me, he was completely paralyzed, for I suppose he thought I was some one risen from the dead. I bound him hand and foot, and then proceeded to release Helen. I shall not attempt to describe our meeting, for any words I might use would but feebly portray the delights of us both. The cause of her appearance there was explained in a few words. By some mistake, she was landed at Rochester instead of Wellsville, and on inquiring on the wharf the way to Industry, he told her that he was going there and would take her to the stage. This man was no other than the landlord of the inn, and he conveyed her and all her luggage to his dwelling and confined her, as the readers have seen, in the cell underground. His sole motive appeared to have been plunder. He would doubtless, however, have murdered her at once, had it not been for his wife, who had not yet lost every particle of humanity from her heart.

I locked the villain up in the cell where Helen had been so lately confined, and then went to where his wife was lying, still insensible. I found

in this apartment a winding staircase, which led to rooms up stairs. I carried the landlord's wife up these stairs and confined her in a bedroom, and then, accompanied by Helen, as soon as it was light, we returned to Rochester.

In a few hours both the man and his wife were in custody, and they were tried a few months afterwards. They attempted no defence, for the remains of all the missing men were found, and the proof was overwhelming. The man was hung and the woman sent to State Prison for life.

The inn, until it was burnt down a year or two ago, was a place of great curiosity, and the proprietor of it reaped a handsome fortune from showing its mysteries. It appeared that the criminal, who, as the reader knows, was a carpenter by business, possessed great mechanical skill, and began the alterations in his house more for his own amusement than for any evil design, but when he had finished them, the thought struck him that he might make them subserve his own private purposes. One thing led on to another, and the first crime committed, all remorse was stifled and he plunged boldly and deeply into every description of iniquity. The mechanical contrivances were perfect, and defied ordinary penetration to discover them. There was no other outlet to the cave, excepting through the lower floor of the dwelling, and the trap-door was so ingeniously concealed, that when the secret was known, but few could distinguish the spot where it opened.

I will not attempt to paint Mr. Linton's joy when I confided his niece to his care. His advice to us was to be married immediately. We were of the same opinion, and before I returned to New York, I called Helen by the endearing name of wife.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

How sweet is it when the heart expands and the mind kindles by reciprocated kindness and knowledge. And sweeter far in domestic life is it to rest the wearied heart and mind on the chastened expression of sympathy, lighting up the well-known and beloved countenance of one who has often treated our sorrows with compassion, returned long-suffering to our tryingsness, and shown enduring fidelity in our burdens—endeared to us like a gallant ship, which, though the gloss of its new paint and rigging may be worn less bright, yet in its very scars marks the tenacity with which its anchors have held, and its rudder answered the helmsman, through many a tempest.—*Mrs. Schimmelpenninck*

TRUTH.

Truth is a heavenly principle—a light,
Whose beams will ever guide the willing right:
A fixed star—a spotless, central sun
In the mind's heaven—unchangeable and one